

An industrious girl's needle is an instrument by means of which she both serves and repays.

The selfish fellow shudder before the sun; he thinks of it as a formidable rival in business.

The snow flies cold, and white, and peaceful upon the earth, but it often gets into a fury coming down.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily and then perhaps can't get out at all.

Some poet says the wind kisses the waves. That we suppose is the celebrated "kiss for a blow," of which we have heard so much.

A man by the name Phillips, who was married to a lady named Sophie, observed that, uniting his name with the lady's, put him in possession of philosophy.

—A widow of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement—"Goods removed, messages taken, express beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

A manufacturer in Troy has succeeded in making such an improvement in manufacturing Britannia metal goods that it is said he is obliged to withdraw them at once.

A man lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire-engine. In answer to the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote, "It rains sometimes."

A Cockney tourist met with a Scotch lassie going haresfoot toward Glasgow, Lancashire, said he, I should like to know if all the people in this part go haresfoot? Part of 'em do, and the rest of 'em mind their own business, was the rather setting reply.

Fellow-traders, said a zealous preacher of I had been eating dried apples for a week, and den took to drinkin' for a month. I couldn't feel more swelled up than I did minnit wide pride and wanty in such full fettle bendine her dis event."

A marble-enter near Leekport recently received from a German an order for a tombstone, with the following epitaph:—"My wife Susan is dead; if shed had life till next Friday, she'd been dead almost two weeks. As a tree falls so must she stand. All things is impossible mit God."

A fortune hunter, being in a ball room, heard a gentleman giving an account of the death of a rich old widow. "Died yesterday, in her eighty-third year," said the narrator. "What a pity! examined the fortune hunter: "What a fine match she would have made two days ago!"

A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-born man and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg left."

It is said that an investigating Franklin has compiled statistics which show that but little over a quarter as many women are struck by lightning as men, and that when a man and a woman are walking together the man is invariably the sufferer. So much for the gallantry of the electric "spark."

The suggestion in the extract below is worth a laugh:—A writer in the New York *Observer*, who has been studying Webster's new *Unabridged Dictionary*, expressed a regret that the lexicographer's definition of the word "bold" had not met the eyes of the new version people before they translated the Book of Job as it would have been so beautiful to say instead of bold: "And Satan smote Job with circumlocution spontaneous inflammations, characterized by pointed pustular tumors, and suppurring with central cores."

BOOK NOTICES.

The Silent Partner, by E. S. Phelps, published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. As in his last work, *Hedged In*, Miss Phelps aims to strike a blow at some social evil, in this case that of the factory system. Although in some cases there may be evils in this department of our manufacturing interests, that children are put into the mills too young and are injured by mischievous air and too close confinement, yet, judging from our own experience of manufacturing life, and that in Massachusetts, the facts seem to us overdrawn. The English mill operatives undoubtedly live hard lives and the young—but in this country it is not so. Our manufacturing towns are generally composed of people who are as healthy as any class whose work is confining. The book is well written, very interesting and is having a large sale. *Coy* has it!

Tattered Tom, by Horatio Alger, Jr., is the first of a series of books (uniform with the Bigged Dutch Series) now forthcoming from the pen of that popular author. We have here the extreme generation of social life. In the first chapter we find Tattered Tom stealing 25 cents from Grimes, with which to obtain a good equatorial meat. Strange as it may seem, the running street arabs prove to be a girl. In the last chapter we find her as the beautiful Miss Linda, entitling Captain Barnes through whose kindness she is restored from her degradation and restored to her living mother from whom she was stolen in infancy. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for its popularity. Price \$1.25. Loring, Publisher, Boston.

Convent Life Unveiled, by Edith Osgood, published by the Conn. Pub. Co., Hartford. This book is decidedly sensational, and if the facts are as here stated the life must have been far from satisfactory. The author has been lecturing and gained considerable notoriety; but her attempts to arouse moral sympathy for herself have failed. She denounces the priests and denies all accusations against her own character. It is well worth reading. We leave the book to speak for itself. Price \$1.50. Sold only by agents.

Valentine Vix, the Ventiloquist, is the first volume of a new, cheap edition of Henry Cuyler's works now being published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. It is a most amusing autobiography of a man who in his time played many parts. Undoubtedly will be very popular. Price 75 cents. Sent post paid on receipt of price by the publishers.

The Herald of Health for May contains a letter from Wm. Cutten Bryant, and its usual amount of interesting medical news. \$2.50 a year. Wood & Holbrook, 16 Light St., N. Y.

The New York, Harry C. Page Editor, is one of the best Sunday papers in the city. It is filled with interesting reading matter. "Indomitable and Independent."

The May number of *Wood's Household Magazine* comes out in a new dress. Only \$2.50 per year. S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.

The Manufacturer and Builder for May is as usual full of valuable information on Mechanics. Weston & Co., 39 Park Row, New York.

The Occidental Monthly for May is received. Its articles are very interesting. John H. Cormany & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Our Saturday Visitor for May is also a good number. J. W. Daugherty & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

For the Journal.
THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.

"Come hither Marika," friend Joseph said, as he softly fingered his smooth bald head and a dark eye socket, full to see, though dim in pleasant memory, Marika sat by his side in a high-backed chair, And lowered her brows with a smiling air. No back, no arms, no headroom, No chair or stool, no ring finger, hand, but a slender white, and a brown stiff gown, And silver hair of a shining brown, And a soft smooth brow, and a simple skin, And eyes that shone with the light within. She sat by his side, but his speech was stammered. Now could she guess where his thoughts had strayed.

He sat huddled her neck and watched the light Of sunset falling clear and bright, And wondered whether the distant ocean Was calm or tossed with the storm's commotion. The gray old teacher ey'd at last,

As his right cane took from the shining past,

"Marika, John Horton was here to-day,

Words few, and thy mother was gone away."

"What was he after," said Marika then,

"I have no own husband every again?"

"Say, I was seeking a wife," said he,

"And I made bold to ask me to give him this."

"You spoke not, but I could see the sombre clouds

Then dark with shadows and black with thunders,

"John is very well off in his way,

And a suitable match for these any day;

His talk on his farm is real high class,

And Friends think of making him overseer,

He is clerk of the monthly meeting too,

And I think it's best thing thou can do,

So well come to see thee tomorrow night."

No sooner was the western clouds were black

And no man was there of the day-long's track,

The flying needles clicked with glee,

For her heart kept time with the thudding sea;

"The buildings and farm are very nice;

I've appeared in the antislavery once or twice;

Oh, well, there is no telling how things will end,

It be good to see them a public Friend,

To a older, at least. I'm desired to see

My child, the preacher's gallery,

And John, I am very sure, would be

& help on the way to a girl like thee."

Friend Joseph talked on and the young girl heard,

As in a dream each well meant word,

and only woodened if on the sea,

The hollow before the tempest flew,

He smoked his pipe in the evening air

And she went up to her chamber fair,

And told to think like a wise little maid,

Of all the things her father had said,

John was honest and good, no doubt of that,

His words were many, his cattle were fat,

He was statistic and true, she knew by his eyes;

In her father's seat he was sure to rise.

A dainty cap for her shining hair,

A kerchief white for her lesson fair,

The holly and love so sure to follow

On those who shared the golden call,

Which her father had prayed from year to year

While his darling child might not fail to hear.

Alas, woe! Tess a picture soft and sweet,

A green, safe path for her long fast;

Honor and labor and peaceful rest—

She expected her father's plan was lost.

But still she based in the driving rain,

The pattering hymns of the herring train,

And wondered if storm or calm might be

Aboard on the distant shifting sea.

In fact, she was about in a dream;

She skimmed the milk and cleaned the cream;

And her busy feet on the kitchen floor

Assumed in time with the grand ocean's roar.

Again the sunken shadow fell

On the fair green meadows blossoing swell;

The gate catch clicked, and a bounding tread

Struck sharp on the trim walls gravely bed.

Martha stood in the western light,

Her red lips parted, her dark eyes bright,

Till a sunburned sailor stood in the door,

And she heard the beat of the sea no more.

Factory Point, May 1st, 1871. S. A. N.

DOES A DRY WINTER INDICATE SHORT CROPS?

Some persons are predicting that the drought in New England is a pretty sure indication that the coming summer will be a dry one, and that short crops will be the result. It is quite certain, we think, that if the spring rains are withheld through the latter part of April and all through May, that the most abundant summer rains would hardly compensate for the loss of the former. It is not probable that the mechanical or chemical operation in the soil, whereby plant food is supplied, is the work of a day or a week.

The process of preparation of food, digestion, or whatever it may be, we take it is carried on in the soil, so that when the root receives it, it is true sap-food, and passes on as such to the leaves where it is elaborated into substances whiche are to form its own kind, whether it be the poison hemlock or the delicious peach.

If this be true then the soil needs

continuous rain, so that active operations

may be constantly going on in it,

to make ready the food which plants

must have, or cease to grow.

Crops have been recorded in Eng-

land and in other countries, where winters

are dry, and short crops followed.

Strange as it may seem, the lower plains in that region a few winters ago, the drought was very severe,

and the succeeding summer a famine was the result.

Those who plant under these convic-

tions will do well to select moist land,

plant early and cultivate highly, so as

to carry crops forward rapidly, and if possible, beyond the reach of a drought,

—CONVENT LIFE UNVEILED.

For the Journal.

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—C. F. SWETT.

BEACH & LEE.

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